AN EPILOGUE

RECOMMENDING

The Cauſe of Liberty

TO THE

BEAUTIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL.

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EPILOGUE.

NOW ſince the Force of rude Rebellion's fled,
And Loyalty Triumphant lifts her Head,
Methinks 'twere ev'ry *Britiſh* Subject's Care
To kill henceforth the Seeds of Civil War;
Our Chiefs have done their Part, and quell'd the Riot,
But, Ladies, now 'tis yours, to keep us quiet.
Would you your utmoſt Charms, and Art employ,
How firm might be the Bleſſings we enjoy?
You ſcarce can look, or move, but to your Prince
It might be made of Uſe, and Conſequence:

The Thing's ſo plain----for thoſe, that would de-
deſtroy all,
Reſerve your Frowns, your Favours for the Loyal:
Stout though the Traitor be, that Thought muſt
grate him,
For who'd Rebel, to have that Circle, hate him?
Or who ſo cold, that would not Northward roam,
To have from ſuch bright Eyes his welcome home?
With Scorn relentleſs treat thoſe wretched Elves,
That durſt be Slaves to any, but your ſelves.
For where's the Glory to make him your Slave,
That would not die, his Liberty to ſave?
Or where indeed your Safety, if your Senſe
Should truſt his Oaths, who broke them to his Prince?
Happy our Monarch, that his glorious Cauſe
Such Troops of Beauty to his Service draws,
As happy too thoſe Beauties, whoſe ſoft Charms,
Are kept in chearful Luſtre by his Arms:
While they, that are his Foes (for ſuch there are)
From Diſappointments are no longer Fair,
Pale Envy has of late, ſo worn the Creatures,
Or Rage ſo fluſh'd them, that they've ſpoild their
Features.

How could their Senſe of Freedom be ſo ſlender,
To chooſe a weak, and bigotted Pretender
Before their Faith and Liberty's Defender?
Let them for ſhame henceforth conſult their Glaſſes,
And mend their Hearts in pity to their Faces.

Women have dreadful Reaſons, more than Men,
T'exert their Force againſt a Tyrant's Reign,
For, where thoſe Rule, they double Fetters wear,
To Slaves all Slaves, tho' exquiſitely Fair:
What *Engliſh* Heart could bear the *Turkiſh* Fate?
'Tis cold coquetting in the Sultan's State,
Each Tyrant Spouſe is there allow'd ten Wives,
Who lead ('be ſure) moſt comfortable Lives!
There Happy ſhe, that has the Tythe of One,
Whoſe All were no ſuch Catch, tho' all her own:
In *Perſias* Realms, the Female Fate yet worſe is,
Mere Cattel there, like Camels ſold, or Horſes:
In *Spain* and *Italy* but little better,
Where irkſome Jealouſy's their conſtant Fetter.
No Sirs,
For Women (ſearch the Globe) you ſcarce will hit on
One Place ſo ſweet to live in, as old *Britain*:

Some foreign Climes, 'tis true, more Sun may boaſt,
Or better Fruits, Wine cheap, or milder Froſt,
More choice Antiquities, or ſtately Tow'rs,
But then they've no ſuch Government, as ours;
For where's that Realm can ſhew us Souls ſo free,
Or Human Nature in ſuch Dignity?

Since then ſuch Joys in *Britain* only flow,
How much to guard them, Ladies, lies on you?
And as the World can no ſuch Monarch boaſt,
Let ROYAL *GEORGE* be ev'ry BEAUTY's Toaſt.

FINIS.